Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a Priest,
And tarry ready at the appointed place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimony.

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among them?

Fen. That hath sweete *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribons pendant flaring bout her head,
I shall be sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our comming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee,
Besides Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good lucke in odde numbers,
Ioue transform'd himselfe into a Bull,
And I am heere a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all *Windsor* Forrest: Well, I stand heere
For *Horne* the Hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter Mistresse Page and Mistresse Foord.

Mis: Page. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my Doe? what & thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mis. For. I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal.